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WWF H. L DESPETS. E. L. BELL, TRUSTER EVANS BROS.

Don't forget, we have moved to 22 Campbell

We are so young, my heart and I;

We are so young! How bright the sunshine and the blue above! How sweet the laughter tripping from the tongue! And surely gladder bird songs ne'er were sung, For sweet is life. But sweeter far is love When hearts are young.

We are so old, my heart and 1;
We are so old!
The world we loved so dearly drifts away;
The birds sing on; the sunshine drifts like gold.
We heed them not. The tale is almost told.
For us the evening's gloom, the twilight's gray,
When hearts are old.

Josephine H. Nicholls in Detroit Free Press.

SYLVELIN.

"Kom Kyra!" "Kom Kyra!" This cow call cut fresh and clear through the air like an arrow. It stirred the birds even in the highest tree tops, till the air was alive with song. But the fresh, girl-ish voice rang above all of it, till even the birds stopped to listen. It cut far across the fields to where the laborers were busy have alive and one by one they seried. haymaking, and one by one they rested their rakes to listen too. "Ah, it be Kari Backkeliens Sylvelin,"

"Ah, it be Kari Backkeliens Sylvelin," said Johan Grane, and his kind old face shone with pleasure.

"H'm! And a useless piece of goods she be too! What be the use o' that lassle with her fairy tales and song? Who milks the cows at eventide, I'd like to know—she or her old grannie? Not she, I tell ye, Johan. She sits hid behind the barn door, reading some tales o' fletion fit to turn any sensible thinking power crazed. I any sensible thinking power crazed. I warrant ye she will end sadly, that las-

"Well, Trine, maybe as she be a bit queer, but her heart is in the right place. Come next Christmas a twelvementh I was too that bad, ye will recollect, I most thought my time had come, and I verily believe I shouldna ha turned and cared to live if it hadna been for that wee bit o' lassic coming to cheer me in all kinds o' weather, with her fairy tales and song song, I tell ye, that if one could shut it into one's life would make one long to live it twice over."

Jorgen Thoroson was standing on the other side of the field. He, too, was rest-ing his rake to listen to the song that still soared above them in a tantalizing strain, half mocking, half pathetic in its quaint

When he saw the others were absorbed when he saw the others were absorbed in work, he threw down his rake and sped up the slope. He knew where to find Syl-velin. He was one of the few who dared to join her in her hidden retreat up among the branches of an old apple tree, where they had played since they were children

As he neared the song ceased. He stopped behind some bushes and peeped through. Yes, there was Sylvelin, but not through. Yes, there was Sylvelin, but not up among the branches. She was lying on her back under the apple tree. Her shoes and stockings were thrown on a moss covered stone in the middle of the brooklet. She was laughing to herself in a happy, cooing way, and the sad gurgle from the brooklet joined in, till it sounded like a soft ripple of laughter and tears mingled in a low toned song.

She shook the tree now and again by pressing her feet with her whole force against the stem, till the apples came pelting down on her. Then she laughed to drown the brooklet's gurgle.

Suddenly she got up, placed a wreath of

Suddenly she got up, placed a wreath of brier rose and forgetmenots on her head and sat down by the brooklet. She gathered buttercups awhile, picking off their petals, till her lap was one mass of golden leaves. Then she filled both hands and sprinkled them over her head and form, stooped over the brooklet and nodded to her rosy, merry face that laughed back at her from a mass of flowers and gold as from a wrought frame. Then shorepeated softly to herself:

"Sylvelin slender,
Sylvelin fair,
Wore a wreath of roses
In her golden hair,
Looked into the brooklet
That twined the flowers among,
Noddet to her image
And sangs a merry song.

"Sylvelin slender, "Sylvein fair,

Sylvein fair,

Why have you twined the roses
In your golden hair?

Why does your pretty image
Look back at you so gay?

Ah, some one in the meadow
Will neet his love today."

Jorgen's heart beat painfully as he heard
by last line. He meaded the last water

the last line. He pushed the branches apart and called her. She looked calmly up at him, not in the

least disturbed to see him, and pointed to the moss covered seat by her side.

"Them be sad verses, Sylvelin. Now, if you would let your lover meet you in the meadow, he would be glad to twine fresh was in your hair all his life least?" fresh roses in your hair all his life long. "But I have no lover, ye see, Jorgen, and I donna want any. It was na me as wrote them verses. The minstrels made them for me, so I have been reading them again and again, to try and catch them in again and again, to try and catch them in song. Most people donna understand the power and gladness o' song. Ye be the only one patient enough to listen. That is why I like ye, because I need na mind about ye, ye donna interrupt nor hinder."

"That is why ye like me! Because ye need na mind whether I be there or no?"

"Well yes: "Spant that. Yes release."

rinal is why ye like line! Declaise ye need an mind whether I be there or no?"

"Well, yes; about that. Ye see, when ye come, I go on singing as if ye be not there at all. If it be any one else a-coming, I run and hide, excepting it be the minstrels—aye, they make me sing to them, they do, and they say there be a rare fortune in my voice, and that makes me happy, not for the money—but then no one would think it the waste to sing. I would be giving all my money to ye and grannle, and I could spend my life wi'song."

"But did it na strike ye ever, Sylvelin, that grannle and me might na care so overmuch for the fortune neither? Maybe as we should prefer to keep ye here, sure no one hinders yer song!"

we should prefer to keep ye here, sure no one hinders yer song!"

"Maybe as they have ha hindered me, for that would be useless. They could na stop the birds if they tried, and I be like a bird. But many be the time Trine Krogsthen remarked on it, and it makes me weary at heart to think I donna do my duty to grannie. She be so rare in her kindness to me. So when this longing do seize me to fly far away to yonder side o' the mountain that I may spend my life in song I be half wearied to think maybe as I ought to stay at home and milk the cows. Be that what I ought to do, be ye thinking, Jorgen?"

"If it be only the cows ye worry about, ye may leave them to me. But be it only inst the cows the cows.

"If the only the cows ye worry about, ye may leave them to me. But be it only just the cows ye think on, Sylvelin? We played together as little ones. Don't ye feel a bit said at parting wi' grannie and me, lassie?"

"Well, ye see, I know ye will be better off wi' me gone, for I'd be sending all the money to ye and grannie."

"Ave. any! But some the best of the sending all the money to ye and grannie."

"Aye, aye! But ye may no be going yet awhile."
"I be no so sure o' that The minstrels

be coming to see grannie on their next round. They said some one would be coming with them as would be glad to encoming with them as would be glad to engage me and pay me handsomely only just to sing. How I shall love that life! Though I shall weary for my little goats at times. They be the best little comrades I ever had. Ye gave them to me, Jorgen. Will ye mind them for me?"

She looked at him with tears gathering in her eyes. He turned half from her and nodded.

So they sat silent a long while, till some one called Sylvelin from balow. They looked over the slope, and there were grannle and the minstrels.

Jorgen started; then passionately, blindly he stretched out his arms to held her.
"Don't—don't be leaving me, Sylvelin!
I love ye so, little lassle, I love ye so!"
But she was down the slope before he had finished. She flew like a bird on the wings of newborn hone.

wings of newborn hope.

Jorgen sat staring into the brooklet. He struggled with a sharp pain, till, overcome by grief, he bowed his head in his

hands with a despairing cry.

Then came Sylvelin's voice, fresh and sweet. She was singing to the minstrels.

So it was that Sylvelin left home. Her little heart fluttered with excite-ment to watch all the strange new things as she sped on her way to the big city. Her face flushed with pride to think she would sing to all these people and become famous. Then she would gain an enormous fortune and build a castle for grannic and Jorgen, and the little goats should come, too, and have a beautiful shed and a come, too, and have a beautiful shed and a garden all their own!

So she dreamed and dreamed.

At last the journey came to an end. As they drove into a dismal looking back street and stopped before an ugly old stone house Sylvelin looked round and shivered -not a tree, not a flower.

Professor Hanson touched her kindly on

the arm. "Come, lassie, carry your belongings and follow me."

The next day she went with the professor to sing in a large hall to be tried. As she entered the people looked at her and laughed. The women pointed to her short skirts, and many sharp remarks cut on little Sylvelin's ears, till her cheeks burned with shame. Tears rose to her eyes, and as the professor told her to come and sing she felt a lump rising in her throat. He sat down to the piano and began playing the simple songs she loved so well, with lots of variations, which so disfigured their simple charm that Sylvelin's confusion grow, and she could not find her voice amid all those runs and trills. She looked round in despair, and as she saw the mocking faces on all sides she burst into a

A loud laugh rang from every corner. The professor got up angrily, but Sylvelin had fled down the hall and out of the door. He found her outside, crying bitterly. He tried to soothe her and promised the next time all would be well. He was gentle with the lassie, for he thought as yet he had the right article. But she said noth-

Many weary days followed, when she was made to practice scales and other queer, ugly things she did not understand. Her little face looked worn and white; the roses had long fled. She thought of grannie and of her goats, but most of all she thought of Jorgen. Some words seemed to float past her that she had paid no heed to before, and that all of a sudden stirred an intense longing in her heart, "Don't leave me, little lassie! I love you so; I

love you so!"
Then Sylvelin began ailing, and her voice seemed gone. So they had to send her

As she drew near the farm the sun was setting, and she saw grannie on the other side of the slope driving the cows home. side of the slope driving the cows nome. A strange, new contentment grow within her at the sight of it all, and she wondered how she ever could have left it. "Maybe the happiness lay so close that I hid it wi' my own shadow," she thought.

She watched grannie and felt half relieved to see her driving the cows into the

She watched granne and reft har re-lieved to see her driving the cows into the inclosure, shutting the gate and turning back the path she had come. Somehow there was some one else she longed to meet first—some one whom she knew would soon be coming to milk the cows, and

soon be coming to milk the cows, and while waiting she went to the cowhouse and prepared for the milking.

There stirred such a soft feeling of thanksgiving in her heart that she felt she must give it vent in song, so she sang. During the song Jorgen entered. She neither saw nor heard him. He stood still, listening, his heart beating. He could not helieve his even or his even for the means. believe his eyes or his ears, for there was a pathos in Sylvelin's voice he had never heard there before. It almost brought the

tears to his eyes.

When she had finished, he hardly dared approach the lassie. He only whispered her name softly:
"Sylvelin!"
She turned to him shyly, a quick blush

spreading over her pale face.
"Aye, I be come back home, ye see,
Jorgen."

'It be grannie ye wearied for maybe,

"Well, yes—that is, it was no exactly grannic neither."

granule neither."

"Aye. Maybe as it was the goats?"

"No, Jorgen, it was na exactly the goats neither."

"What then? Tell me, little lassie."

She looked up at him, and as he gazed into her eyes his heart nearly stood still for ion.

for joy. "Sylvelin!"

And he stretched his arms to her. "Aye, aye!"—Lady.

There was a "block" among the teams in a prominent business street. A herdie had been overturned, and several coal carts were stopped by a load of lumber, which, having succeeded in stationing it-

self across the thoroughfare, was unable to move farther.

Moreover, every man among those bar-ricaded had lost his temper, and swearing was the order of the hour.

was the order of the hour.

Suddenly, oh, cheerful sound! a lively street hand began to play, and the temper of the crowd changed as if by magic. The horses stood no longer in peril of dislocated necks through the jerking and pulling of their trate drivers; the execrations ceased. Each man settled back in his cart to listen. After a Strauss waltz and a spirited march the band moved on, and then it became apparent that the audience had experienced a marvelous change. had experienced a marvelous change.

"Will I give ye a lift, Mike?" called one to the driver of the lumber cart, jumping down to put his shoulder to the wheel, 'It's a big load ye've got."—Our Dumb Animals,

A Marine Calculation.

"I recently performed four marriage peremonles in 20 minutes," remarked the Rev. Mr. Thirdly, "That was at the rate of 12 knots an nour," added Miss Flipp,—Pearson's Eachly

LINCOLN'S ELOQUENCE.

His Early Reputation as a Debater and Story Teller.

One man in Gentryville, Ind., a Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related was subjected to their keen, shrewd common sense. It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group and the one listened to most eagerly. Politics was warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be that sitting on the counter of Jones' grocery Lincoln even discussed slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions of Indiana

Young Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones' grocery store a reputation as a debater and story teller, but he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator. He could repeat with effect all the poems and speeches in his various school readers, he could imitate to perfection the wandering preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump. The applause he won was sweet, and frequently he indulged his gifts when he ought to have been at work-so thought his employers and Thomas, his father. It was trying, no doubt, to the hard pushed farmers to see the men who ought to have been cutting grass or chopping wood throw down their sic-kles or axes to group around a boy whenever he mounted a stump to develop a pet theory or repeat with variations yesterday's sermon. In his fondness for speechmaking he attended all the trials the neighborhood and frequently walked 15 miles to Booneville to attend court.

He wrote as well as made speeches, and some of his productions were even printed through the influence of his admiring neighbors; thus a local Baptist preacher was so struck with one of Abraham's essays on temperance that he sent it to Ohio, where it appeared in some local paper. Another article, on "National Politics," so pleased a law-

yer of the vicinity that he declared the 'world couldn't beat it. ''-Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine.

ENGLISH STREET DOCTORS.

They Make a Good Living Peddling Their

All Curing Pills. "Yes, guv'nor, some on us make a lot o' money at street doctorin, an some on us don't,' said a medical practitioner, as he styled himself, to a newspaper man who was passing along the Whitechapel road. The street doctor in questions and the street doctor in questions are the sould afford the street doctors. tion was one of those who could afford a horse and trap, decorated with gorgeous colors and elaborate lamps, and an assistant, who helped to pull out teeth and hand pills and medicine to purchasers.

"In my case, I am glad to say I make something out of the business. But you can't do anything with it unless you've plenty of cheek. It's cheek as does it, and no mistake. I guess I makes on an average durin the summer season, in Whitechapel an at country fairs, at least £6 a week. Sometimes I makes much more. At Oldham I once drew £8 a day. I was sellin a compound pill, warranted to care anything, except broken limbs. But I knew a man who did even better than this. He once had a week durin the summer of 1894 when

he made £10 each day.
"Wet weather is a bad time for us, as then nobody ventures out to buy. I've sometimes only drawn threepence in a day, an all this time had the expense of a man an trap to stand. I remember once makin only three an six for two weeks runnin.

"Of course there is a lot o' profit in the business. My pills aren't dear, an as I sell them at a penny each, or a shillin a box, you can see there's plenty o' money to be made in the business." London Correspondent.

The Bill Was Paid.

McRad and his wife were going over their business ledger one evening, con-Which its pages revealed, and reluctantly acknowledging that many of them would have to be written off as bad.

'What'll ye dae aboot this ane?" said McRad mournfully. "Here's twa pund aucht shillings for a coat and vest been owin by Elder Doolittle since Martinmas last. I'm fearin wo'll no get the

"Weel, I'm no sae sure," replied his wife. "Leave me to try onyhoo."

Accordingly, the next Sabbath morning, when the collection was taken up, Mrs McRad dropped the elder's "little bill," neatly folded up, into the plate, and before the week was over the amount

"Kirsty, woman," said McRad joyfully, "marriage may be a lettery, but I'm thinkin I've drawn a prize."— Pearson's Weekly.

Human Life Always Seeks Its Level.

Human life, which is fluid and not fixed, is like other fluids in seeking a level. It has always done this in times past and has not rested till it has found the level of equality in some place or other. It once found this in classes, and these became confluent with the gradual effect of time on their borders and flowed into orders, larger and vaster. At last the larger expanses have begun to burst their bounds and to meet in the immeasurable level of equality of society.—From "Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells, in

In all the affairs of life let it be your great care not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings. - Epictetus.

Over 2,000 patents have been issued in the United States for the manufacture of inks.

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for Infants and Children.

MHIRTY years' observation of Casteria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit as to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it, It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms,

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sonr Curd. Castoria enres Diarrhes and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other noroctic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels,

giving bealthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk, Don't allow any one to sell you anything clse on the plea or premise

that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile Gat H. Fletcher.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Ma. W Norfolk:Western A.A

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6 35 s. m. for Badford, Bluefield and
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Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis,
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ton, via Shenandoah Junction and Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

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ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY. IN EFFECT SEPT. 15, 1895.

8 1

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